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Biographical notices of Korner, Schenkendorf, and Schulze, three modern German Poets.

[From Constable's Mag. for January.]

Germany yet weeps over the ashes of three of her most promising poetical children, who, within these few years, have been called away from the task of delighting their country, and from the enjoyment of that fame their writings were beginning to obtain. Theodore Korner, Ernst Schulze, and Maximilian Schenkendorf, are at present honoured by a purer devotion than is paid to Goethe, Schlegel, or Fouque. The fame of these latter is brilliant and widely diffused; but it is obscured by envy, and often darkened by malice. Their poetical theories are contested, their labours vilified, and their characters and writings calumniated. We pay the homage due to talents cheerfully, when their possessor is no longer sensible of the honours we bestow on him. The merits of the dead are even magnified, and those who are the most ready to scowl on living, are most eager to worship departed geniuses. It is not that reputation is beyond our reach, when an author is laid in his grave, but he is no longer our competitor,—he is removed from our path, and there is a feeling of mercy in human nature which makes it spare the arrows of reproach, when they cannot be aimed against a living antagonist. The first, and the greatest of the young men, whose loss the muse deplores, is Theodore Korner, who fell in a skirmish with the French in Mecklenburg, before he had attained his thirtieth year. By birth he was a Prussian, but he resided for a considerable time at Vienna, and there most of his writings were first published, or performed. He was chiefly distinguished as a dramatic author; and Rosamund and Zriny are two well known tragedies of his composition. They are agreeable and pleasing, rather than deep-felt or sublime, and full of that gentle reverie, *Schwermey*, which, in our opinion, is at present the distin-

guishing characteristic of German poetry. At the voice of freedom, which resounded throughout Germany in 1813, his heart appears to have beat higher, and his muse to have taken a bolder flight. He grasped the sword to contend for liberty, and he turned his lyre to martial deeds, celebrating the triumphs of his countrymen, or inspiring them by his songs with courage. "Lutzow's Wilde Jagd," "Schwertlied," and *Manner und Buben*, were some of the most admired of all the exhilarating songs,—and they were extremely numerous, which were produced in Germany during the contest of 1813, 1814. They are still remembered and sung with considerable enthusiasm. Many of them possess a value, independent of their poetical merit, derived from the circumstances under which they were written,—on the march—while standing sentinel—a few hours before his death, where all circumstances under which the poet composed some of his best productions. "Lutzow's Wilde Jagd," is a description of the corps to which Korner belonged, and which was distinguished by its resolute daring deeds. Lutzow was a Silesian nobleman whose wife was seduced by some Frenchman during the subjugation of Prussia. He immediately left Berlin, where he was then residing, and retiring to his estates in Silesia, never returned to court till Germany rose in arms to expell the French. He then formed a rifle corps of volunteers, clothed in black, with red facings, which became known by its valour and its name, "The corps of Vengeance," throughout Germany. The black, it was said, denoted sorrow for the decayed spirit of the country, and the red facings was French blood. Its motto was "*Luise und die Rache*, (Luisa,* Queen of Prussia, and re-

venge.) At first it neither gave nor received quarter, and was nearly extirpated in several battles. Yet was it always soon again completed, till its commander himself fell on the fields of France. The circumstances which caused Schill to be unsuccessful added to his fame. He fought almost alone, and while it was impossible that his valour could save his country, it exalted him far above every other German warrior of the day. Under similar circumstances Lutzow might have attained equal fame with Schill. But the deeds of the young volunteers he commanded were only a few of very splendid series, and were lost or forgotten amid the glare of numerous and important victories. From the prodigious enthusiasm of the Germans at the period of their deliverance there were, no doubt, many examples of heroism like that of Lutzow and of Korner, which it will be the business of future historians and poets to record and embellish. For many years, nay, for centuries, the Germans have felt no such general enthusiasm, nor been surrounded with so much glory: and Spain is most certainly not the only country in which the defeated oppressions of a foreign power have given rise to a warm and general desire for internal and regulated freedom. In sharing the enthusiasm and the hopes of his countrymen it was impossible that Korner should not have been, in some measure, a prophet—should not have foreseen some of the results, while he participated in the contest. His confidence in a just cause, and in the Almighty, was great, and hence he seemed sure of victory, and in a manner prophesied it. At the same time, he was not insensible of what it would cost; he knew that many a noble head and affectionate heart must pay the price; and as he himself was one of those who cheerfully gave up their life for victory, there are many passages of his poems that seem like allusions to

* Report says the Queen of Prussia died from having caught cold at a ball at which she had danced too much in very thin cloathing; the Prussians, however, in general, believe that she fell a victim to chagrin, from the ill treatment of the

French, and hence her name became a sort of rallying word to the Prussians.

his own fate. "He was missed among the returning victorious bands," and was one of "those faithful warriors who will never be forgotten by a happy and victorious people. With our present experience we may doubt if some of his hopes have not been disappointed. Germany has not acquired "every thing great," nor "every thing beautiful;" but it was impossible for Korner to imagine that the monarchs whom he loved and celebrated for their avowed attachment to their country, should afterwards prove false to their promises, and traitors to the sentiments which replaced them on their thrones. The skirmish in which he lost his life is scarcely recorded in history, and would, but for him, be forever forgotten. Now, however, it is in a manner incorporated in German literature, and destined to live as long as it shall be read. Exclusive of the sonnets, elegies, and odes of condolence addressed to his parents, his name and his fate are often alluded to. The hereditary Prince of Mecklenburg Schwerin proposed to have him buried at *Ludwigslut* in the neighbourhood of the royal grave; but his father preferred leaving him to repose where his comrades in arms had buried him. This was near an oak in Mecklenburg, and the sovereign gave a considerable piece of ground near the spot, which has been planted with trees, and bears a castiron monument to the memory of the hero. Respected as a man, and admired as a poet, he is deeply regretted, and has had a more permanent monument, even than of iron, built up for him in the songs of some of the first living writers of his country.

Der Jungling sank zu fruh vom Tod umfangen,
Im Jugendkranz, ein Sanger und ein Held.
Tiede.

Of Maximilian Schenkendorf, we know nothing more than that he also was engaged in the war for freedom, but returned in safety to his literary pursuits. It was only, in fact, after that period that he was much distinguished, and then, he was little, or not at all known beyond the circle of readers of almanacs and pocket-books. We have never seen any of his productions but in these periodical works. He died, we believe, in 1818, and is loudly bewailed by many brother and sister writers in the periodicals for 1820. We have a biographical memoir before us of Ernst

Schulze, prefixed to his *Cäcilie*, of which we intend to give an account in a subsequent Number, and from this we shall now extract the principle events of his life and the features of his character. Professor Bouterwek of Gottingen, well known for his philosophical writings, is the author of this memoir. He was the friend of Schulze, and editor of his posthumous works; and, according to his opinion, the writings of his pupil are destined to live as long as the German language.

Ernst Schulze was the son of a Burgermeister of Celle, in the dominions of Hanover, and was born there on the 22d of March 1789. In his youth he appeared to have a greater capacity than disposition to learn. He excelled in bodily exercises, and his youthful acquaintance loved him for his drollery. But he was so disorderly in small matters, and so incapable of executing the little commissions with which boys are sometimes entrusted, that nothing good was expected from him in after life. He displayed considerable ardour in pursuits that were congenial to his disposition. Before he was fourteen years of age, he had made such progress in the study of heraldry, that his advice was sought by painters who had heraldic ornaments to prepare. But his perseverance was not equal to his ardour, and he soon gave away the books and illustrations of heraldry he had collected. In company with two other youths, he made his first attempt at authorship, which consisted of a sort of newspaper, describing family matters as if they were affairs of state. Fate soon after separated him from these friends; and as he was much attached to them, the pain of separation made him, for the first time, a poet. Afterwards, he devoted himself, with great vehemence, to reading fairy tales and books of chivalry; but no persuasion could induce him to learn arithmetic. Near Celle there was an old castle in ruins, a part of which was inhabited by a farmer, and in which a library full of Schulze's favorite books, and fitted up in a Gothic style, still remained. These captivated his fancy, and he persuaded his father to allow him to take up his abode in the farmer's family. There he read so constantly, that the farmer expressed his fears that the youth would read himself melancholy and mad. The time approached, however, for him to engage in some

occupation. His decided aversion to law, and medicine, made him choose theology, for, at least, the nominal objects of his studies, and in the autumn of 1806 he was sent to Gottingen. He seems now first to have learned, that, by a proper application of his talents, he might obtain a respectable subsistence without devoting himself to either of the three learned professions; and he soon gave up theology for the classical languages and elegant literature. There are so many professors in Germany for every branch of science, that teaching at a university may be said to be a regular calling, and to require a regular education. And a great number of young men are in constant training for future professors. Schulze resolved to teach the classical languages, and be a professor of elegant literature. With this view he left off the study of theology for poetry. Homer engrossed much of his attention, and he formed the project of writing a history of the lyric poetry of Greece. Few, however, of the projects of our youth are completed in manhood. So many unforeseen circumstances "turn awry the current of our thoughts," that rarely men of talents, certainly none of a very ardent imagination, follow up in the prime of life the schemes of their boyhood. Ardent minds are extensive and excursive in their thoughts, and in them the probability is great, that they will vary in their course. We can readily conceive a vain youth in the first flutter of his imagination, supposing himself destined to inform or delight mankind, to be the prince of philosophers, or the first of poets; but it is the attribute of genius, from the ease of its execution, to be in a manner unconscious of its own powers; and he whom Nature has appointed to fill the highest place will see it within his reach before ne dreams of his exalted fate. Schulze resolved to be a teacher of poetry, and to write a history of a part of it, but he became a lover and a poet,—has left no vestige of his intended history, but many light and agreeable poems.

In the early part of his residence at Gottingen, he was cheerful and rather volatile, paying little attention to the lectures he heard, and delighting in the gay poetry of Wieland. In the latter part he became melancholy, and at both periods his writings bore marks of the prevalent disposi-

tion of his mind. So altered had he become, that those who formerly regarded him as nearly incapable of a serious thought, were alarmed at his earnestness and melancholy. For a while he had fluttered round the circle of youthful joys, and sipped honey from every blooming flower. But real life was not capable of long satisfying him. He had lived too much in a world of imagination to be contented with dull reality. An ideal female reigned in his heart, to whom he found a resemblance in the daughter of one of the literati of Göttingen. His fancy enveloped her with all its own splendors, and he appears never to have been intimate enough with her to destroy the illusion. Cecilia had charms sufficient to captivate an ordinary man, and permanently to content his heart. She was in the full bloom of youth, distinguished for native talents and acquired accomplishments, and was more charming than most of her sex. To approach and admire her was the summit of his wishes. What his admiration might hereafter have become, the early death of Cecilia does not allow us to know; but his passion was purely poetical in its origin, and poetical and *Petrarchal* in its continuance. It seems never to have gone beyond singing her praise, and consecrating her name by his poetry.—He was contented to see and admire her, and probably loved her with much more fervor than he would have done had his passion been less the offspring of his own imagination, and more of her charms. While he gave up his mind, or at least his poetry, to this pure devotion, he did not forget the ordinary business of life.

When his passion was at its height, he continued his studies, passed his examination, and was admitted to take the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. Cecilia appears to have returned his attachment, though probably, after it had continued some time, she wished it less ethereal. Nor do we think this the least reproach to her. The duties and substantial joys of life are not to be sacrificed for a little vain adulation; and though a Laura, already married, might be delighted with the added homage of a poet, we cannot expect that this alone should supply, in the heart of a young woman, the place of the delightful affections of husband and children. We believe, with an elegant living author, that many of the

younger and most accomplished of the other sex who are said to die of some accidental cold, are in reality, the victims of an unfortunate attachment; they perish of a very common disease, though disguised under a variety of names,—a broken heart. Schulze went on for many months worshipping the idol of his fancy, the goddess of his imagination, and he seems always to have forgotten that she was a woman, in the blush of beauty, and in the bloom of existence. He never talked of marriage, but fretted and starved her with the high scented incense of poetical adulation. Ethereal as his attachment might be, it was at the same time ignorant, if not unfeeling; for he sported in his reveries with the heart which his arrows had pierced. A cold and a consumption at the end of a year rooted out this lovely flower from the earth it adorned. The pious resignation and the fortitude with which she bore her sickness increased his admiration to the highest pitch. She had displayed every wonnably, every Christian, every poetical virtue; and her character was so consecrated by her early death, that she became more than sainted in the imagination of her poetical lover.

After her death he remained always melancholy, and his poetry, which had before been rather cheerful and gay, became pensive and sad. As he stood over the beautiful corps, he very poetically, but somewhat unmanly, we think, and unfeelingly, resolved to glorify her name with all the powers of his muse. As he looked on her in mute despair, he first thought of that poem which it was the chief business of his remaining days to compose, and which bears the name of *Cecilie*. In January 1813 it was begun, and though the work was interrupted by other occupations, and even by his serving as volunteer in 1813-14, the whole twenty cantos were completed by December 1815. It is by far the longest modern German poem we know. However much the ancient industry and perseverance of the Germans may be yet visible in their philosophical productions, no trace of them can be discovered in their modern poetry. The longest of their latter productions with which we are acquainted, except *Cecilie*, does not extend to half a common octavo volume. Schulze had never before shown any disposition to write religious poetry; but "*Cecilie*" has de-

cidedly a religious turn, and is full of religious feelings. His former studies had, however, a considerable influence on his imagination, and "*Cecilie*" is a strange mixture of religion and chivalry, of contemplative feeling, and of miracles, wonders, and battles. But, at present, we must confine ourselves to his life—his poetry will be noticed on another occasion. Ere this poem was half finished, he fell sick of a consumption, which was soon to carry him after his beloved Cecilia. Like all consumptive people, he seems not to have anticipated that his death was near. He projected a second romantic poem as long as "*Cecilie*," to be executed in Italy, which he proposed to visit. Yet, as if a voice of more knowledge than his own had spoken in his verse,—as if he were an unconscious prophet of his own fate,—he makes the hero of his poem, the beloved of his imaginary Cecilia, sink with her into one grave, and be united with her only in heaven.

During the summer of 1816, he employed himself in making preparations for his journey to Italy, though he continued his studies, and gave lectures on the older poets, which did not succeed very well. In the autumn of this year, though weak, he made a tour on foot through the delightful neighbourhood of the Maine and Rhine. The fatigues of this journey hastened his dissolution. He was ever careless of his health, and on this occasion he exposed himself both to wet and cold. In a state almost of exhaustion, when his friends had given up all hopes of saving him, he composed a poem, "*Die bezauberte Rose*," which attained the prize given by the proprietor of the *Urania Pocket-book*, for the best poem offered to his acceptance. Schulze intended to show what he could effect in point of versification; in every other respect he regarded his production as imperfect. As a tale it is worthless, but we have seen nothing in German so smoothly written since the *Oberon* of Wieland. It exhibits the author as a compleat master of his native language, and adds to our regret, that he was not spared till his knowledge was further enlarged, and his judgment matured. In the spring of 1817, he recovered so much, that he was able, to the astonishment of his friends, to bear the journey from Göttingen to Celle. This was the end of his earthly pilgrimage. He died

there on the 26th of June 1817, in the twenty-ninth year of his age. In truth, his fate was sealed when the coffin of his idol was delivered to the cold earth. The barb of death then entered his heart and though he struggled with it for a short season, it was only to make his agonies more visible, and at length to perish exhausted, and decayed. Fancy can picture nothing more melancholy than a lovely pair thus hopelessly following one another in quick succession to the grave. She sank resigned, withering and fading in the spring of life. He strung every nerve to escape, but even the vigour of a manly frame could not avail him, and he also perished from disappointed affections. There was much gentle and generous enthusiasm, and more power in the sentiments of these young persons over their bodily frames, than we are accustomed to believe can be felt in affairs of the heart by any other people than ourselves. It is not denied, that in general there is more of that holy mysterious feeling which we delight to indulge in while it prays on our frames—more of the sacredness of love in general among us, than amongst the nations of the continent; but Ernst Schulze, and his Cecilia, are an example of two young people perishing from a quiet, tender, and unrewarded attachment, equal to any we can show as a proof of the poignancy of our thoughts.

Schulze had nothing remarkable in his exterior; he was of the middle size, well proportioned, and firmly put together; his countenance was regular, with some noble features, but his eye, though brilliant, was unsteady. In his dress he was simple and unpretending; in his conduct, though somewhat volatile, he was regular and moral. His self respect was without vanity, and his seriousness without concealment or reserve. He was frank and sincere, but not philosophical: a foe to falsehood and ambiguity of every kind; faithful in his friendships, and constant in his resolutions on important occasions, almost to obstinacy. He was sensible to affronts, but despised revenge. Of himself he took little care, and was always ready to make sacrifices, and submit to privations, when the end to be obtained by them was worthy of a noble mind. His enthusiasm was derived from genius, and never hurried him into one unworthy action.

Of the probable consequences of his poetical attachment he was perfectly ignorant, and in this respect he is deserving our pity, for he was the victim of his own error. Such was Ernst Schulze as a man; we shall speak of him as a poet, when we have described his poem of *Cecilia*.

The public journals of every country record in general the crimes, and never notice the virtues, of its inhabitants. Hence foreigners are too apt to judge of every country by its Newgate Calender. We have therefore been partly led to notice the generous enthusiasm of Korner,—and how many Korners were there in 1813, though not all poets?—and of Schulze, as a sort of compensation for Sandt and Loehning, that it may not be thought the enthusiasm of the Germans always displays itself in crimes. Schulze was much more a dreamer than Korner; the fancy and reveries of the former were not of this world. The inspiration of the latter gave animation to his patriotism, and directed all his exertions for the deliverance of his country. Both are fair specimens of the general manner of feeling and acting of their countrymen.

The Jacobite Relics of Scotland; being the Songs, Airs and Legends, of the Adherents of the House of Stuart. Collected and illustrated by James Hogg. *Second Series.* Edinburgh, 1821, 8vo. pp. 480.

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

This second, and, we gather from several expressions, last volume of the Jacobite Relics within the plan of the editor, is in most respects similar to its precursor, which we reviewed not very many weeks ago. It contains, however, such a proportion of modern songs, as mainly to disqualify it for the title of *Relics*; since we are at a loss to know how the compositions of Mr. Hogg, Mr. Cunningham, and other writers of the present day can, with any propriety, be designated as the remains of Jacobitism!—Of the pieces more appropriately introduced, the character is various. Some are indifferent, though, for other causes, they merit a place in a collection of this kind; some are extremely local, and only admissible for similar reasons; most are from Cromek, Burns, Moir, &c. and a few are traditional, and now first published. When so many different versions, as those of the Jacobite airs,

were afloat, it depended entirely on Mr. Hogg's judgment to select the most correct and genuine; and we are of opinion, that, with half a dozen exceptions, he has exercised his discretion properly. The humorous and the pathetic are fairly mingled; and upon the whole, we have an agreeable *conservae* of the perishing fruits of Stuart poesy. But Mr. Hogg is mistaken, if he imagines that he has exhausted the stock; we are acquainted with several excellent and remarkable songs, of which he has taken no notice. Of these we may soon insert an example or two in the *Literary Gazette*; and, in the interim, should be glad to learn from any of our northern readers, aught of a copy of entertaining verses, which compared the Scottish leaders to a party playing cards for a kingdom, and of which our memory retains scraps; ex. gr.

Argyle, who to play was not able,
So he shuffled the knave of trumps under
the table.

* * * * *
Great Mar, in a passion, four shillings
threw down,
But it wanted another to *make up the*
crown.

We also remember some punning lines, beginning—

Cope could not cope wi' Charlie's men,
Nor Wade wade through the snow;
of which we should be very glad to have a perfect copy. But to return to Mr. Hogg. The dry humour of his droller specimens may be exemplified by the three concluding verses of "The Battle of Sheriffmuir."

So there such a race was as ne'er in that

place was,

And as little chace was at a', man;
From each other they run without took of drum,

They did not make use of a paw, man.
And we ran, &c.

Whether we ran, or they ran, or we wan,
or they wan,

Or if there was winniong at a', man,
There no man can tell, save our brave Genarell,

Who first began running of a', man.
And we ran, &c.

Wi' the earl o' Seaforth, and the cock o'
the north;

But Florence ran fastest of a', man,
Save the laird o' Phinaven, who sware to be even

W' any general or peer o' them a', man.
And we ran, &c.

The following two verses are from the beautiful "Lament for the Lord Maxwell" in Cromek; but its antiquity is very problematical.

O wae be to the hand whilk drew nae the glaive,
And cowed nae the rose frae the cap o' the brave!
To ha'e thriven 'mang the Southrons as Scotsmen aye thrave,
Or ta'en a bloody nievesfu' o' fame to the grave.
The glaive for my country I doughtna then wield.
Or I'd cock'd up my bonnet wi' the best o' the field:
The crounest shoul'd been coupit owre i' death's gory fauld,
Or the leal heart o' some i' the swaird should been cauld.
Fu' aughty simmer shoots o' the forest hae I seen.
To the saddle-laps in blude i' the battle hae I been,
But I never kend o'dule till I kend it yestreen.
O that I were laid whare the sods are growing green!
I tint half mysel when my gude lord I did tine:
A heart half sae brave a braid belt will never bin',
Nor the grassy sods e'er cover a bosom half sae kin;
He's a drap o' dearest blude i' this auld heart o' mine.

The allusive nature of the subjoined, to the emblems of the Jacobites, recommends it for selection.

My love's a bonny laddie, an you be he,
My love's a bonny laddie, an you be he;
A feather in his bonnet, a ribbon at his knee:
He's a bonny bonny laddie, an you be he.
There grows a bonny brier bush in our kail-yard,
There grows a bonny brier bush in our kail yard,
And on that bonny brier bush there's twa roses I lo'e dear,
And they're busy busy courting in our kail-yard.
They shall hing nae mair upon the bush in our kail-yard,
They shall hing nae mair upon the bush in our kail-yard;
They shall bob on Athol green, and there they will be seen,
And the rocks and the trees shall be their safe-guard.
O my bonny bonny flowers they shall bloom o'er them a',
When they gang to the dancing in Carlisle ha',
Where Donald and Sandy, I'm sure, will ding them a',
When they gang to the dancing in Carlisle ha'.
O what will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs awa'
O what will I do for a lad when Sandy gangs awa'
I will awa to Edinbrough, and win a penny fee,
And see gin ony bonny laddie will fancy me.

He's coming frae the north that's to marry me,
He's coming frae the north that's to carry me;
A feather in his bonnet, a rose aboon his bree.
He's a bonny bonny laddie, an you be he.
The "Macdonalds gathering," said to be literally from the Gaelic, and translated by a lady of Edinburgh (a Macdonell) is one of the most spirit-ed and soul-stirring in the book.
Come along, my brave clans,
There's nae friends sae staunch and true;
Come along, my brave clans,
There's nae lads sae leal as you.
Come along, Clan-Donuil,
Frae 'mang your birks and heather braes;
Come with bold Macalister,
Wilder than his mountain raes.
Gather, gather, gather,
From Loch Morer to Argyle;
Come from Castle Turin,
Come from Moidart and the Isles.
Macallan is the hero
That will lead you to the field.
Gather, bold Siwallain,
Sons of them that never yield.
Gather, gather, gather,
Gather from Lochaber glens:
Mac-Hic-Rannail calls you;
Come from Tarop, Roy, and Spean.
Gather, brave Clan-Donuil,
Many sons of mighty you know;
Lenochan's your brother,
Aucterechan and Glencoe.
Gather, gather, gather,
'Tis your prince that needs your arm:
Though Macconnel leaves you,
Dread no danger or alarm.
Come from field and foray,
Come from sickle and from plough,
Come from cairn and correi,
From deer-wake and driving too.
Gather, bold Clan-Donuil;
Come with haversack and cord;
Come not late with meal or cake,
But come with dirk, and gun, and sword.
Down into the Lowlands,
Plenty bides by dale and burn.
Gather, brave Clan-Donuil,
Rishes wait on your return.
Another, derived from the same language, and forcibly versified by Mr. Hogg, deserves to stand as a companion with the foregoing.

Callum-a-Glen.

Was ever old warrior of scuff'ring so weary?
Was ever the wild beast so bay'd in his den?
The Southron bloodhounds lie in kennel so near me,
That death would be freedom to Callum-a-Glen.
My sons are all slain, and my daughters have left me;
No child to protect me, where once there were ten:

My chiel they have slain, and of stay have bereft me,
And wo to the gray hairs of Callum-a-Glen!
The homes of my kinsmen are blazing to heaven,
The bright sun of morning has blush'd at the view:
The moon has stood still on the verge of the even,
To wipe from her pale cheek the tint of the dew:
For the dew it lies red on the vales of Lochaber,
It sprinkles the cot, and it flows in the pen.
The pride of my country is fallen forever!
Death, hast thou no shaft for old Callum-a-Glen?
The sun in his glory has look'd on our sorrow,
The stars have wept blood over hamlet and lea:
O, is there no day-spring for Scotland no morrow?
Of bright renovation for souls of the free?
Yes: one above all has beheld our devotion,
Our valour and faith are not hid from his ken,
The day is abiding of stern retribution
On all the proud foes of old Callum-a-Glen.

We feel an exquisite degree of tenderness and simplicity in the next air, which sweet old song has always been highly popular, both in Scotland and England.

The sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he;
But he has taint the blink he had,
In my ain countrie.
It's nae my ain ruin
That weeds aye my e'e,
But the dear Marie I left abuin',
Wi' sweet bairnes three.
Fu' beinly low'd my ain hearth,
And smil'd my ain Marie!
O I've left a' my heart behind,
In my ain countrie!
O I'm leal to hig Heaven,
Which aye was leal to me;
And it's there I'll meet ye a' soon,
Frae my ain countrie.

We have not room to quote more of these pathetic effusions, which are powerfully affecting still, notwithstanding the terrible stripping off of the romance attached to the Stuart cause, by the recent publications of Dr. King, and Memoirs of the Rebellion. Neither will we enter upon the long ditty entitled, "Cumberland's and Murray's Descent into Hell;" though its Dante-like fiendishness, mixed with a sort of infernal humour, renders it altogether an extraordinary production.

The notes, which fill half the volume, contain interesting views of the two rebellions—we beg pardon—*rings*; and furnish anecdotes of parties concerned in these mistaken but in many instances, hallowed adventures. A note, on the ballad of Young Maxwell, may be cited in proof.

"The noble strength of character in this ballad is only equalled by the following affecting story:

"In the rising of 1745, a party of Cumberland's dragoons was hurrying through Nithsdale in search of rebels. Hungry and fatigued, they called at a lone widow's house, and demanded refreshment. Her son, a lad of sixteen, dressed them up *lang kale and butter*, and the good woman brought new milk, which she told them was all her stock. One of the party inquired with seeming kindness how she lived. 'Indeed,' quoth she, 'the cow and the kale yard, wi' God's blessing's, a' my *mailen*.' He arose, and with his sabre killed the cow, and destroyed all the kale. The poor woman was thrown upon the world, and died of a broken heart—the disconsolate youth, her son, wandered away beyond the inquiry of friends or the search of compassion. In the continental war, when the British army had gained a great and signal victory, the soldiery were making merry with wine, and recounting their exploits. A dragoon roared out, 'I once starved a Scotch witch in Nithsdale. I killed her cow, and destroyed her greens; but, added he, 'she could live for all that on her God, as she said!' 'And don't you rue it?' cried a young soldier, starting up, 'Don't you rue it?' 'Rue what?' said he, 'Rue aught like that?' 'Then, by my God,' cried the youth, unsheathing his sword, 'that woman was my mother! Draw, you brutal villain, draw.' They fought; the youth passed his sword twice through the dragoon's body, and, while he turned him over in the throes of death, exclaimed, 'Had you rued it, you shou'd have only been punished by your God!'

In the body of the work, there are one hundred and ten songs, with the music score to perhaps a moiety of them; to these is added an appendix of twenty-five Jacobite songs (chiefly modern—one by the author of *Waverley*); and of an equal number of Whig songs; but if the best of that kind, it must be confessed, that their

riivls had the rhyme, if not the reason, on their side. We transcribe one, which boasts the greatest share of wit, as a sample.

O brother Sandie, hear ye the news?
Lillibulero, bullen a la,
An army's just coming without any shoes,
Lillibulero, bullen a la.
To arms, to arms, brave boys to arms;
A true riush cause for your courage
doth ca';
Court, country and city, against a bant-ditti,
Lillibulero, bullen a la.
The Pope sends us over a bonnie young
lad, &c.
Who, to court British favour, wears a
Highland plaid, &c.
To arms, &c.
A Protestant church from Rome doth
avance,
And, what is more rare, brings freedom
from France,
To arms, &c.
If this shall surprise you, there's news
stranger yet,
He brings Highland money to pay British
debt.
To arms, &c.
You must take it in coin which the coun-
try affords,
Instead of broad pieces, he pays with
broad-swords.
To arms, &c.
And sure this is paying you in the best
ore,
To arms, &c.
Lillibulero, bullen a la.
For who once is thus paid will never want
more,
Lillibulero, bullen a la.
To arms, to arms, brave boys, to arms;
A true British cause for our courage
doth ca';
Court, country and city, against a bant-ditti,
Lillibulero, bullen a la.

Memoirs of the Life of Anne Boleyn, Queen of Henry VIII. By Miss Benger. 2 vols. small 8vo. London, 1821.

[Concluded from page 253.]

Anne's beauty, among other adorers, procured her the love of Lord Percy, the son of the Earl of Northumberland; but, Henry having "marked her for his own," this eligible match was violently broken off, and the lover obliged to marry Lord Shrewsbury's daughter. Anne herself was withdrawn from court by her father, and resentfully retired to Hever Castle, his seat in Kent. It is supposed, that neither she nor her father were aware of the true obstacle to the match. With respect to the latter, however—

"According to tradition, the mist vanished from his eyes, when he suddenly saw the King arrive by stealth at Hever, on some frivolous pretext, which ill-disguised his real errand, that he came but to steal a glimpse of the lovely Anne Boleyn. Alarmed by this delicate attention, Sir Thomas is said to have sedulously withdrawn his daughter from the King's view, and during his visit, on the plea of indisposition, to have kept her confined to her chamber. Whatever credit be attached to this tale, it is certain that a considerable time intervened before Anne resumed her place at court; and that, during her absence, her father, created Lord Viscount Rochford, was advanced to the office of treasurer of the royal household."

The lady was then restored to the court and London; and the King's attentions became marked and notorious. His letters to her about this time are inserted, and are extremely curious: we transcribe one as an example—

"By turning over in my thoughts the contents of your last letters, I have put myself into a great agony, not knowing how to understand them, whether to my disadvantage, as I understand some others, or not; I beseech you now, with the greatest earnestness, to let me know your whole intention, as to the love between us two. For I must of necessity, obtain this answer of you, having been above a whole year struck with the dart of love, and not yet sure whether I shall fail, or find a place in your heart and affection. This uncertainty has hindered me of late from naming you my mistress, since you only love me with an ordinary affection; but if you please to do the duty of a true and loyal mistress, and to give up yourself, body and heart, to me, who will be, as I have been, your most loyal servant, (if your rigor does not forbid me), I promise you that not only the name shall be given you, but also that I will take you for my mistress, casting off all others that are in competition with you, out of my thoughts and affection, and serving you only. I beg you to give an entire answer to this my rude letter, that I may know on what and how far I may depend. But, if it does not please you to answer me in writing, let me know some place where I may have it by word of mouth, and I will go thither with all my heart. No more, for fear

of tiring you. Written by the hand of him, who would willingly remain yours,—H. R.^x.

So obvious had the growing intimacy become, that (as the author states)—

" It was not long before Catharine perceived the secret intelligence between her husband and her attendant, whom she often challenged to play with her at cards, in the King's presence; willing, as was supposed, to give the enamoured Prince an opportunity of contemplating the supplemental nail, which, to her prejudiced eyes, appeared an ominous deformity. On one of these occasions, Catharine, by a sort of caustic pleasantry, alluded to their mutual situation. In the game at which she was playing with Anne Boleyn, it was a rule, in dealing the cards, to stop on turning up the king or queen: it happened that the maid of honor stopt more than once on producing the king, which Catharine remarking, exclaimed, 'My Lady Anne, you have good luck to stop at a king: but you are not like others; you will have ill or none.' In general the Queen treated her with the utmost courtesy and respect; partly, as she afterwards acknowledged, because she was determined by her forbearing gentleness, to deprive Henry of every pretext for complaint, and partly because she hoped by this extreme complaisance to retain some little hold on his affections. In reality, her mild submission appears for a considerable time to have disarmed the violence of Henry's impetuous temper; and, but for some peculiar circumstances, might, perhaps, have obtained the victory, even over a passion ardent as that inspired by Anne Boleyn."

About the period at which we have arrived, the popular clamour was excited to such a degree that the despot Henry found it expedient to have Anne removed from court. Vain, proud, and ambitious, as Miss Benger represents her, she took this in high dudgeon; and the passionate tone of her royal lover's letters affords an idea of the tyrant very dissimilar to that which is usually entertained of him. We quote one.

" *To Anne Boleyn.* 'The approach of the time which I have so long expected rejoices me so much, that it seems almost ready come. However the entire accomplishment cannot be till the two persons meet, which meeting is more desired by me than

any thing in this world; for what joy can be greater upon earth than to have the company of her who is my dearest friend? Knowing likewise that she does the same on her part, the thinking on which gives great pleasure. You may judge what an effect the presence of that person must have on me, whose absence has made a greater wound in my heart than either words or writings can express, and which nothing can cure but her return. I beg you, dear mistress, to tell your father from me, that I desire him to hasten the appointment by two days, that he may be in court before the old term, or at farthest on the day prefixed, for otherwise I shall think he will not do the lover's turn, as he said he would, nor answer my expectation. No more at present, for want of time, hoping shortly that by word of mouth I shall tell you the rest of my sufferings from your absence.'

" In another billet he is evidently desirous to soothe her impatience; and in the next he mentions the contents of his last having transpired, upon which he sagaciously observes, that lack of discreet handling must be the cause thereof."

" This state of things could not last long; and accordingly we find the object of regal impatience recalled in three months; her father, made Earl of Wiltshire and Ormond, and Wolsey speedily disgraced. The irritated state of the king's mind may be surmised from his additional edicts to the statutes of Eltham, demanding the most blind and slavish devotedness. For example:

" ' That the officers of the privy chamber shall be living together, keeping secret every thing said or done; leaving hearkening or enquiring where the King is or goes, be it early or late; without grudging, mumbling, or talking of the King's pastime, late or early going to bed, or any other matter.'

" ' That the six gentlemen of the privy chamber shall have a vigilant and reverend eye and respect to his Grace; so that, by his look or countenance, they may know what he lacketh, or what is his pleasure to be had or done.'

" It was also enacted, ' that all such nobles as repaired to the parliament, were immediately to depart into their several counties, on pain of his high displeasure, and to be further punished as to him or his

Highness's council shall be thought convenient.'

It is not necessary to trace the proceedings of Cardinal Campejo, and the two years' legal and religious farce which preceded the divorce of Catharine, and led to the downfall of the Papal authority in England. During all this period, Anne Bullen was the cherished companion of Henry, within the limits of propriety; and Durham House, the residence of her family, and Hever, were the scenes of their social enjoyments, enlivened by frequent excursions in the neighbourhood of London.

" In these progresses, Anne was attended by several young ladies of quality, one of whom afterwards became Lady Berkeley; and she was every where treated with the respect due to a future Queen. As Henry's cares and perplexities increased, he acquired a taste for domestic privacy. When he chose to withdraw from the world, a house was usually provided for Anne Boleyn in the vicinity of his favourite residence. Every day they met at some chosen spot, and spent many hours in riding or walking together.* Cardinal du Bellai, who spent the summer of 1532 in England, mentions several little circumstances of Henry's habits and manners, in a letter addressed to the Grand Master, M. Montmorenci, which serve to illustrate that monarch's domestic character.

" ' I should be unjust not to acknowledge the handsome and very friendly attentions I have received from the King (and his Court) and in particular the familiar intimacy to which he has admitted me. I am every day alone with him hunting; he chats familiarly of his private affairs, and takes as much trouble to make me a partaker of his sports and his pleasures as if I were the first personage. Sometimes Madame Anne joins our party; each equiped with the bow and arrows, as is, you know, their manner in hunting. Sometimes he places us both in a spot where we shall be sure to see him shoot the

* Some of these scenes are still preserved in traditional remembrance. In the neighbourhood of Staines was a nunnery, which is said to have sometimes afforded Anne Boleyn a temporary retreat; and about a mile distant stood a yew tree, which was believed to have been the spot where Henry, at a certain hour, was accustomed to meet Anne Boleyn.

deer as they pass; and whenever he reaches any house belonging to his servants, he alights to tell of all the feats that he has performed, and all that he is about to do. The Lady Anne has presented me with a complete hunting suit, including a hat, a bow and arrow, and a greyhound.*

Anne was created Marchioness of Pembroke, and went in the style of a Princess to Calais with Henry, when he met Francis the First there, in 1532. Here, or immediately on relanding at Dover, she was privately married to the king; the precise date is uncertain, though the event certainly took place before the queen's divorce. On the Whitsunday following, her coronation was performed with the utmost pomp. Feasting and revels succeeded,* and for a long year, at the end of which the Princess Elizabeth was born, the new Queen experienced no diminution of her felicity. On the contrary she became more exalted from being identified with the protestant party, as their head in this country. But alas! her happiness and greatness were of short duration. In the third year of her union, her attractions ceased to hold the fickle heart of the despot, rendered monstrous by indulgence; and the cruel machinations of her uncle Norfolk, and her brother's envious wife, precipitated her calamity. Unfortunately too, Jane Seymour appeared at court, and caught the fancy of the monarch. Catherine died, and the short-sighted Anne exclaimed, "Now I am indeed a Queen!" Within a few days she surprised her husband caressing her rival; the shock caused her to be prematurely delivered of a dead prince; she unguardedly reproached Henry as the cause, and he but too fatally fulfilled the threat which in revenge he uttered, "I will have no more boys by you." For three months her very dreams were haunted by forebodings of misfortune and death; and on May-day the tragedy, not dreaded with-

* At one of those civic feasts to which Henry condescended to accompany his bride, was introduced the elegant novelty of a lemon, a luxury hitherto unknown to an English table. To an epicure, such as Henry, perhaps the acquisition of a castle in France would have been less acceptable; and such was the importance attached to the discovery, that, in a bill belonging to the Leathersellers' Company, it was recorded that this royal lemon cost six silver pennies.

out cause, began. A tournament was given at Greenwich, which the king left in an abrupt way. Next morning Norris and Weston, two gentlemen of the royal establishment, were arrested and committed to the Tower. Anne's brother shared the same fate; and after dinner on the same day she was committed a close prisoner. The story of her murder is well told; but all the facts are so well known that it would be idle repetition to abridge them. On the 15th of May her mock trial took place, and she was condemned to be burnt or beheaded, as it should please her barbarous lord. Her marriage was annulled; and her brother and the other unhappy individuals implicated, were put to death on the 17th. Her own execution—

After her condemnation no dejection was visible in Anne's deportment; even in hearing of her brother's death she betrayed no violent emotions. When her days were numbered, she seemed to have lost sight of care and sorrow; much of her time was spent in devotion; at intervals she conversed with her wonted grace and animation, occasionally quoting her favorite passages of poetry. On the evening previous to her execution she prostrated herself before Lady Kingston, deplored the rigor with which she had sometimes treated the Princess Mary, and conjuring that lady, in her name, to supplicate forgiveness of the step-daughter whom she had offended. In making this solicitation, her mind was probably impressed with apprehensions for Elizabeth, over whom Jane Seymour was so soon to assume maternal authority. Till midnight she communed with her almoner. At an early hour she arose with a serene aspect, conversing with as much ease as if she had been indifferent to the approaching event. Kingston himself was astonished at her deportment, declaring that he had seen many die, but never before saw any who rejoiced in death. In the course of the morning she even rallied on her approaching execution; but this occasional pleasantry did not suspend her serious reflections; and she requested Kingston to be present, when she received the sacrament, that he might attest her protestations of innocence. She afterwards expressed her regret that she had yet some hours to live, declaring that, "she longed for the happy moment of emancipa-

tion and triumph." Nor did her resolution falter as that time approached; when by a prudent precaution of Kingston, strangers were dismissed from the Tower, and not more than thirty persons admitted to witness the catastrophe. By one of those few spectators, Anne Boleyn is stated to have approached the fatal spot with perfect composure; that her countenance was cheerful, and retained all its wonted pre-eminence of beauty. At this moment, superior to selfish fears, or unavailing regrets, she advanced, surrounded by weeping attendants, whom she vainly attempted to reconcile to her destiny. Among these, the most cherished was Wiatt's sister, with whom Anne continued in earnest conversation, and, at parting, presented to her, with a benignant smile, a small manuscript prayer-book, which the afflicted friend was ever after accustomed to wear in her bosom as a sacred relic of imperishable attachment. To her other companions she made the same bequest, beseeching them not to grieve, because she was thus doomed to die, but to pardon her for not having always addressed them with becoming mildness; then ascending the scaffold, she addressed the witnesses of her death, with a calm, and even smiling countenance; then uncovering her neck, she knelt down, and fervently ejaculated: "To Jesus Christ I commend my soul." But though her head was meekly submitted to the axe, the intrepidity with which she refused the bandage for some time delayed the accomplishment of her sentence; the touching expression of her eyes disarmed even her executioner, and it was at length by stratagem that he seized the moment for giving the stroke of death. An exclamation of anguish burst from the spectators, which was quickly overpowered by the discharge of artillery announcing the event, the last royal honour offered to the memory of Anne Boleyn."

In conclusion, we have but to repeat our hearty commendations of this interesting biography.

QUEEN OF ENGLAND'S JOURNAL.

(Concluded from our last number.)

At length, on the 17th, we quitted Jerusalem, our hearts touched with the objects which we had seen there; the remembrance of which can never be effaced. We slept once more at

Rama, and on the 18th arrived at Jaffa, a small town. Our vessel was in the bay, and the wind being favourable we put to sea the same day. Her royal highness had an intention of visiting Alexandria, and going thence into Egypt; but her design was rendered impracticable by the plague, which was making great ravages there. We were within ten miles of Alexandria; thus we may say, that we made the tour of the Mediterranean, traversed the sea of Marmora, and had been upon the Black Sea. I omitted to mention, that near to Jericho is the Dead Sea; so called, because the water that flows into it does not again issue from it. On the 27th we passed Cyprus a second time: we were three days in sight of this island, which was at that time the resort of the pirates. It is a very dangerous spot, and many vessels have been wrecked upon its shores.

Our provisions began to fail us, and we were obliged to steer for the isle of Rhodes, whither we arrived, after passing Caramania, on the 1st of August. This island presents a beautiful coup d'œil; the town is clean, and in it yet remains the palace of the Knights of Malta, who made it their residence, when of old they were possessed of the island. The ruins of the famous Colossus are still to be seen; it was esteemed one of the seven wonders of the world, because lofty enough to admit the passage of the largest vessel between its legs.

On the 3d we departed thence with a light breeze, which, in the evening, freshened up, and became so violent, that we were in great danger; it was contrary, and drove us backwards from our course. On the 4th we came in sight of Candia, (anciently Crete) and of Mount Ida: on this mountain Jupiter, god of all the gods, was born. We were four days in passing the island, the wind being either constantly unfavourable, or dying away to a dead calm. On the 8th we made sail for Zante; but as the wind continued still contrary, we changed our course for Sicily. We did not enter the port of Syracuse till the 20th; this was the first Christian town we had for a long time seen.

We there offered up our thanks to the God of mercy, for the manifest protection which he had extended to us, throughout our journey: for, assuredly, it was his all-powerful hand, that preserved us, in safety, from the

dangers which had threatened us. We had escaped the plague, robbers, assassins, and what is even more formidable than all these,—the corsairs. Every one is aware of the massacres which took place in Tunis after we left, and that five brigs of war were fitted out, from the violetta, for the express purpose of piracy. These pirates well knew that the princess had many diamonds, and much money, in her possession, and, in consequence, were continually in pursuit of us. Had they overtaken us, we could not have defended ourselves, having only six guns on board, whilst they had, each of them, thirteen. The princess expressed a hope, that, in case of attack, they might be satisfied with our property only; for these wretches, usually, after having carried off all the valuables, massacre those who are on board, or shot sink the vessel. Once in their power, one's only escape is by a cruel death. They approach so quietly, that, when perceived, it is too late to think of escape. They were always in pursuit of our vessel, and it is difficult to comprehend how we escaped them. We must have been protected by a veil, which hid us from their search.

One of the brigs had been captured at Scio, and two others at St. Jean d'Acre; thus there were two still at sea, and these were committing great ravages. Whilst we were off Cyprus, an English brig was brought in, which had been taken possession of by these wretches; all on board had been decapitated, and the vessel was driving about at the mercy of the sea. When we were between Zante and Candia, one of these corsairs was seen in chase of us: our consternation may be more easily imagined than described! instantly every light on board was extinguished, to prevent them keeping sight of us in the dark; they lost us, and, in the morning, we were greatly delighted to find they were no longer in sight.

At the time her royal highness left Tunis, she was conjured by every one not to go among the islands of the Archipelago, because they were infested by pirates, even more to be dreaded than the corsairs. These pirates have two or three large boats, with twenty-five oars; when the breeze, amidst the islands, dies away, they conceal themselves, and, during the obscurity of the night, move so rapidly with their oars, and under

their black banners, that nothing can escape them. They board the vessels, wound and massacre all whom they meet, carry away every thing they discover, and leave the barks to the mercy of the waves. We ourselves saw some barks at Milo, that had been treated in this manner, and were picked up by a French brig. Her royal highness, who, as I have before observed, is highly courageous, was not terrified by these recitals, and thanks to God, we escaped all the threatened dangers.

We have, besides, braved the fury of the sea,—a spectacle, of which it is impossible to form an adequate idea, without having seen it, and which we cannot recall to our memories, without shuddering. It is, notwithstanding, a most magnificent object of contemplation,—the vast expanse of water,—the foamy waves dashing in uproar around the vessel, whilst they form an abyss which seems about to engulf her. How often, seated at my scanty window, have I, with emotion, gazed upon so surprising a scene, and said within myself:—How can any one be so senseless as to deny the existence of an Almighty God! Who could create this, except such an one? who could support, and preserve from destruction, so frail a vessel, at the mercy of the waves, and tossed about by the reckless winds, save a God who has created them? It is he who rules our destiny, who places us in dangers, and who afterwards releases us from them, if such be his good pleasure, and for our advantage. Let us then submit to all which it pleases him to ordain, reposing our trust in him. After such reflections, I felt perfectly at ease, and, if in peril, offered up my prayers to God, recommending my soul to him, and awaiting his pleasure.

Our voyage was now nearly concluded; but we were not suffered to land, or to touch any one. All vessels, coming from the Levant, are compelled to submit to quarantine, on account of the plague. At Syracuse we had a small spot of land appropriated to us, and every one fled from us, as from wild beasts, with which we were diverted not a little.

On the 27th we again set sail, again to encounter new dangers. We had been told, that some Algerines were cruising off Sicily, and that they even chased, for three hours, a small vessel, which took shelter in Syracuse;

and, in consequence, her royal highness engaged an Austrian frigate to convey us. By an unparalleled good fortune, when we passed Catania, these corsairs were short of water, and had gone on shore to procure it, and thus we escaped them once more. As they were at war with the English, it would have been a master-stroke for them to have captured the princess.

At length, on the 31st, we entered the Straits of Messina, and in the evening cast anchor in the port. We had flattered ourselves, that we should be suffered to land without performing quarantine; but flattered ourselves in vain; so on the 7th we again made sail, and coasting the shores of Calabria, on the 14th came in sight of the isle of Capri, in the Bay of Naples. Whilst we were there, Vesuvius was burning, but faintly. We did not land at Naples; but as I have before been there, I cannot pass so interesting a town unnoticed.

Naples is extensive, but very dirty; the Strada Toledo, which is three miles in length, is the only part worthy remark. The public gardens, on the sea-shore, are delightful. The theatre of San Carlo was extremely beautiful, but the greater part of it has been destroyed by fire. There is a rich store of antiquities. Pompeii, at the foot of Vesuvius, was totally overwhelmed by the first eruption of the volcano; the town was not burned, but buried under the ashes, which fell from the mountain. It is now partly uncovered, and a spacious amphitheatre is visible; in the streets are to be seen the tracks of the wheels of the carriages; and in the houses, which are small, and half ruined, are figures of various colours, white, blue, and green. It is, nevertheless, two thousand years since it was destroyed. There is a separate street for the tombs, in which I myself have seen ashes in an urn; formerly it was the custom to burn the bodies. Each family had a separate building, which served as a tomb for all the members of it. The receptacles of the great and the mean were distinguished from each other. Pompeii is four leagues from Naples, on the road to Vesuvius. This volcano is but half the height of Etna; but the ascent to it is very laborious, owing to the depth of the cinders, into which one sinks as far as the knee. In the neighbourhood are the lavas, which formerly destroyed Baiae. It was at

Baiae that the cruel and perfidious Nero ended his days; his house, and the warm baths in it, are still shown there. Close by is the grotto of Aulana, which is highly remarkable; the air is so pernicious, that if a dog be put into it, in five minutes he dies. Near it once stood a town, which was swallowed up in one night, and, the following morning, its site was occupied by a small lake, on which game are plentiful. The atmosphere about it is bad and would cause death to any one compelled to remain there.

The evening of the 13th we quitted the Bay of Naples, in treacherous weather,—a storm of wind, thunder and lightning; we were all in great dread, but the gale was in our favour, and on the 1st we came in sight of Gaeta, and arrived at Terracina, the first town of the Roman State.

Her royal highness caused application to be made to the Pope, for permission to land without performing quarantine, and we proceeded to Capo d'Anzi. The answer of his Holiness reached us the morning of the 1st, and we landed immediately.

Since the 13th of July we had not set foot upon terra firma, but had been continually mewed up in our vessel. During the whole of the time, we had not had one day of weather perfectly favourable; ever either the wind was contrary, or fell calm; and, in this manner, we had experienced many disappointments.

From Jaffa to Capo d'Anzi it is fourteen miles in a direct line (*quattorze milles*, in original, in which there is evidently an omission), but when the wind is unfavourable, it is necessary to tack, and make six miles, in order to get forward three; and at times, after having made one hundred miles, the vessel is driven quite back again. Whilst going to Jaffa, we had the wind constantly in our favour, because it blows, during eight months, in the same direction; and for the same reason, when we were on our return, it was contrary. It changes in September only.

The evening of the 15th we arrived at Rome. It is still a fine city, though no longer so celebrated as in ancient times, when it ruled the whole world. Rome is rich in magnificent palaces, of an imposing aspect, beautiful statues and fountains, and has two mighty columns, on which are represented, in basso-relievo, the exploits of the ancient Ro-

mans. The church of St. Peter is the finest in the world, and strikes the visitor with astonishment the moment he enters; in it are lofty columns of bronze, in great number, and tombs of the ancient Kings and Emperors of Rome; and in the midst of the church are preserved the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul, who suffered martyrdom for their religion in Rome. The tombs are surrounded by a multitude of lamps, kept constantly burning. In the same edifice is a bronze statue of St. Peter, holding in his hands the keys of Paradise: the Catholics adore it; and one of the feet has been so often kissed by the devotees, that it is quite worn. The square or place in front of the church is magnificent. On either side is a portico, ornamented with the statues of all the saints; those of our Saviour, and his twelve Apostles, are upon the church. On each side of the square is a beautiful fountain.

The museum of Rome is splendid; it requires three hours to make the circuit of it, walking quick. Rome is on the Tiber, which passes through the town, and is crossed by a fine bridge.

On the 1st her royal highness introduced us to the Pope, at his beautiful palace on Monte Cavallo, where we had the honour of kissing his hand. The Catholics kiss his slipper, in token of adoration; and it is esteemed a high favour when he presents his hand instead of his foot.

There are still in Rome many ancient temples. The capitol is strikingly magnificent, and adorned with the busts of the Roman emperors, and Consuls. It was there that public meetings were held.

We departed from Rome the evening of the 17th, and on the 18th made a very short stay at Viterbo. During the night we passed through Sienna, the town in which the Italian language is spoken in all its purity.

On the 19th we went through Florence, seated on the Arno. It is a lovely town; the houses are handsome, the streets wide and clean, and the peasant girls prettier and more becomingly dressed than in other parts of Italy.

On the 20th we passed through Bologna, a fine town, with porticos on both sides the streets; the same day we passed through Modena, Reggio, Parma, Piacenza, Lodi, Marignan, and Milan; and on the 21st arrived

at our Villa d'Est; thus happily terminating our journey. The princess, as a token of her gratitude for her prosperous journey, gave seventy-five louis to the poor in Rome.

We are looked upon as people out of the common cast; few have been so far as ourselves, and seen so much.

I hope we shall never lose the recollection of it; and oh! may we never be unmindful of the visible protection which an all-merciful God has vouchsafed to us, and may we, throughout the course of our lives, testify our sense of his mercies. Amen.

This small Journal has been written in great haste, and merely to afford a little amusement to our good mother, in leading her through the places we have visited.

The Journal was received at Coburg in November, 1816, and this is an exact copy of it.

LAW.

DIGEST OF THE PUBLIC ACTS PASSED AT THE LAST SESSION OF THE LEGISLATURE OF PENNSYLVANIA;

Prepared for the Literary Gazette.

CHAP. I. "An act reducing the salaries of the Governor and Secretary of the Commonwealth."

SECT. 1. After the 3d Tuesday of December, 1820, the salary of the governor shall be 4000 dollars per annum. And that of the Secretary 1600 dollars per annum, to be paid quarterly at the Treasury.

CHAP. II. "To change the name of Mary Josephine Sage to Mary Josephine Soultier."

CHAP. III. "A supplement to an Act entitled An Act to raise and collect County rates and levies."

SECT. 1. Previous to delivering duplicates to any collector returned by the assessors of the City and County of Philadelphia, it shall be the duty of the person returned to satisfy the County Commissioners of the amount of his freehold estate, and if it shall appear that he does not possess a clear freehold estate sufficient to secure the whole amount on such duplicate, the Commissioners shall take bond with sufficient security, and on failure to give such security within 10 days after demand, they are authorised to appoint another collector.

CHAP. IV. "To annul the marriage of George Reid and Elizabeth his wife."

CHAP. V. "To provide for the enumeration of the taxable inhabitants

and slaves within this Commonwealth."

SECT. 1. The Commissioners of the several counties shall, on or before the first of November, 1821, and in every 7th year thereafter, issue their presents to the respective township, ward, or district Assessors, requiring them within 30 days thereafter to make out two lists in alphabetical order, of all taxable persons of the age of 21 years and upwards, whether male or female, in their respective districts; and in a separate list the number of negroes, mulattoes and slaves, distinguishing their sexes, and as near as may be, their respective ages. And the Commissioners and Assessors shall respectively take an oath or affirmation to the correct performance of the duties imposed upon them (the form of which qualification is expressed).

SECT. 2. The Commissioners are required to examine the returns and compare them with former returns, and on the discovery of any error to certify the same; and on or before the 1st Tuesday in December next ensuing, to transmit duplicates of the said returns to the Governor, who shall lay them before the assembly; and the said Commissioners willfully or negligently failing to file and make returns, or knowingly making a false return of their Assessors, shall, for every such offence, forfeit the sum of 300 dollars, to be recovered in their respective counties.

SECT. 3. The said Commissioners shall deliver one copy of all such returns to the clerks of the quarter sessions of the respective counties, who shall file the same.

SECT. 4. The Commissioners shall make such compensation to the Assessors or others employed in this service, as to them may appear reasonable, which shall be paid out of the respective county treasuries.

SECT. 5. If any Assessor or other person employed in this service shall fail in performing his duties, or make a false return to the commissioners, he shall forfeit the sum of 100 dollars, to be recovered agreeably to § 2.

SECT. 6. All prosecutions under this act, to be commenced within twelve months from and after the cause thereof.

CHAP. VI. "An act reducing the salaries of sundry public officers, and the daily pay of members of the Legislature."

SECT. 1. After the passage of this act the act of Feb. 7th, 1814, increasing the pay of the Legislature shall be repealed, except so far as respects the mileage.

SECT. 2. The pay of the clerks of the Senate and House of Representatives, respectively, shall be 300 dollars per annum and 4 dollars a day during the session; and the pay of the Assistant Clerks shall be 150 dollars per annum, and 4 dollars a day during the session.

SECT. 3. The Sergeants at Arms and Doorkeepers, respectively, shall receive 100 dollars per annum, and 2 dollars a

day during the session, and the Assistant Doorkeepers each 1 dollar and 50 cents a day.

SECT. 4. The salaries of the Auditor General, Surveyor General, State Treasurer and Secretary of the Land Office, shall be respectively 1400 dollars per annum, and that of the Deputy Secretary of the Commonwealth, 1000 dollars per annum.

SECT. 5. The salary of the Attorney-General shall be 300 dollars per annum.

SECT. 6. After the 1st of April, 1821, the Commissioners and Auditors of the several counties shall each receive 1 dollar and 50 cents for every day they shall necessarily attend to their respective duties, except in the city and county of Philadelphia, where the pay of the Commissioners shall be 3 dollars per diem, and that of the Auditors, 2 dollars per diem, and the Treasurer of the said county shall receive 1200 dollars per annum.

SECT. 7. So much of any former law as is hereby altered or supplied, is repealed.

CHAP. VII. "An act to refund to James Herrington money paid by him to Daniel Perkins, for painting the roof of the Arsenal at Meadville."

CHAP. VIII. "A supplement to an act entitled 'An Act to provide for the erection of an additional court within the city and county of Lancaster'"

SECT. 1. The District Court of Lancaster to have power to direct *venires* to issue for each week during its sitting, and the Monday of each week to be a return day for the return of such process.

SECT. 2. When the President of the said court shall have been counsel for either of the parties, in any suit there pending, he may suggest such matter on the record, and direct the same to be transferred to the Court of Common Pleas, where it shall be tried and determined.

SECT. 3. Instead of the oath heretofore required to be taken by the parties with respect to the amount in dispute, it shall be sufficient for the counsel to certify his belief thereof on the precipice.

SECT. 4. The President of the District Court is empowered to take acknowledgement of deeds in like manner as any other Judge or President, and the Sheriff may acknowledge before him deeds of property sold by virtue of process from the District Court.

CHAP. IX. "An act authorising the electors of the borough of Milton, in the county of Northumberland, to elect overseers of the poor."

CHAP. X. "An act requiring directors of the poor to publish their respective accounts annually."

SECT. 1. After the passing of this act the directors of the poor of the several counties in which poor houses may be erected, shall, in the month of March

annually, cause to be published, at least twice in not less than two newspapers, printed in their respective counties, a fair and correct statement of their receipts and expenditures, together with the number and description of the paupers supported by them, and the profits arising from the farms under their direction.

CHAP. XI. "An act authorising the appointment of Commissioners for the purpose of taking testimony relative to the original plan of the town of Armagh, and recording the same."

CHAP. XII. "An act to enable Catherine Augusta Newbold, and other administrators of Thomas Newbold deceased, to sell certain real estate of the intestate."

CHAP. XIII. "A supplement to an act entitled 'An act to provide for the education of children at the public expense, within the city and county of Philadelphia.'

SECT. 1. The Controllers to examine all accounts of expenses incurred in respect to the schools established under the act of which this is a supplement.

SECT. 2. The Directors of the 5th, 6th and 7th sections, and of any other sections which may send children to schools not under the care of the Controllers to report to the Controllers on or before the 1st of February, annually, the amount of money necessary to defray their expenses, and the Directors to transmit the accounts of their sections to the Controllers, who shall draw orders for the same.

SECT. 3. The Controllers to report annually the amount of money necessary to the County Commissioners, whose proceedings are regulated, and the Controllers to have power to borrow money in advance, which money is to be paid to the County Treasurer, and any surplus unexpended is to form part of the estimate for the succeeding year.

SECT. 4. The list of Directors to be published annually.

SECT. 5. So much of any other act as is hereby altered or supplied is repealed.

CHAP. XIV. "A further supplement to an act entitled 'An act to authorize the Governor to incorporate a company to make a lock navigation on the river Schuylkill.'

SECT. 1. The party applying for a view pursuant to § 11 of the original act to give 20 days notice in writing to the other party; and in case of an appeal, if the President of said company shall make oath that he apprehends injustice may be done by a jury of the county, the Court shall make an order requiring the Sheriff of an adjoining county, not bordering on the Schuylkill, to make out a list of 36 persons, inhabitants of his bailiwick, which list shall be struck by the parties, and the remaining 12 shall be summoned by the Sheriff to view the premises, and appear

at the next Court for the trial of the cause, and shall receive 1 dollar and 50 cents per diem, and mileage.

SECT. 2. So much of the original act as relates to dividends repealed. After all necessary expenses, the company may declare a dividend not exceeding 25 per cent on the capital stock, and the tolls shall be so regulated that the dividends shall not exceed 25 per cent per annum; and the tolls shall be so reduced that no more than one half of the tolls shall be demanded. Provided that the Company shall not be authorised to purchase lands containing coal, for the purpose of entering into the coal trade, or to engage in the transportation of merchandise or produce. And provided, that the act shall not take effect until the stockholders accede to its provisions, which shall be certified under its corporate seal.

CHAP. XV. "An act for the relief of Frederic Wendt, an old soldier."

CHAP. XVI. "An act establishing a public ferry on the North branch of the river Susquehanna, in the county and village of Bradford, and to vest the right thereof in William Kelly, his heirs and assigns."

CHAP. XVII. "A supplement to an act entitled, 'An act authorising the Governor to incorporate the president, managers and company of the Connimah Bridge Company.'

CHAP. XVIII. "An act vesting a title to thirty acres of land in upper Mahonoy township, Northumberland county, in certain trustees and their successors, for the benefit of the congregation composed of Presbyterians and Lutherans."

CHAP. XIX. "An act to incorporate the proprietors of the Philadelphia Museum."

The usual corporate powers conferred. The capital stock divided into 500 shares of the value of 200 dollars each. Elections to be held on the 1st Monday of January in each year, for the choice of five trustees who are to appoint a manager annually. No part or article of the museum to be removed from the city of Philadelphia, under the penalty of forfeiting to the corporation of the city double the value of the articles so removed, to be recovered from any one or more of the trustees or shareholders who may have consented thereto.

CHAP. XX. "A supplement to the several acts of this Commonwealth concerning partitions."

SECT. 1. Where there are two or more defendants in a writ of partition, the court may proceed to examine the title and quantity of the respective defendants, as well as of the plaintiff, and give judgment accordingly; and the like proceedings

shall take place as where the purport of the plaintiff is alone set out in severally, provided, that if all the defendants, by writing filed before the return of the writ, declare their wish that their interest in the premises shall remain undivided, then the plaintiff's purport alone shall be set out.

CHAP. XXI. "A further supplement to an act entitl'd, 'An act to enable Executors and Administrators by leave of Court to convey lands and tenements contract'd for with their decedents, and for other purposes,' passed March 31, 1792."

SECT. 1. Where real estate is or may be granted, reserving ground rent, with the privilege of extinguishing the same, and the right to the rents vests in minors, trustees, or persons not authorized to release the same, it may be lawful for the executors, &c. of such quarter, or the guardian of such minor or trustee, &c. or for the grantee, his heirs or assigns, to petition the Supreme Court, or the Court of Common Pleas, in which such lands be, that a release may be executed accordingly: And the Court having considered the contract, shall make an order authorising and requiring such release, which being duly made and executed, shall lie of like force and effect as if executed by the grantee in his lifetime. Provided, that the Court may require such executor, guardian, trustee, &c. before the execution of the release, to give bond to the Commonwealth, with one or more sufficient securities, conditioned for the proper and legal appropriation of the money.

SECT. 2. When application is made to the Supreme Court or Court of Common Pleas, to have the contract of any decedent proved in pursuance of the original act, the Court may issue a commission to take the testimony of witnesses residing out of the county, which testimony shall be returned to the Court issuing the Commission.

(To be Continued.)

THE CAMERA OBSCURA.

By Oliver Optic, Esq.

No. XI.

The present age, remarkable for its political revolutions and the romantic nature of its historical incidents, will have a strong hold upon the memory of posterity, as the epoch of striking improvements in the condition, and, it is to be hoped, in the character of our race. Whatever other faults the present generation may be chargeable with, that of indifference to the public weal cannot justly be imputed to them. If we look around us, in almost every quarter of the civilized world we see mankind engaged in schemes of practical philanthropy, searching out the

causes of crimes and poverty, applying remedies to existing evils, inventing aids and appliances for the promotion of honest industry, enlarging the common fund of comforts and conveniences, and bringing knowledge and religion to vegetate on soils that former ages had abandoned to sterility and desolation. The spirit of improvement is at work upon every class and department of society with an energy and wisdom that cannot fail, if our belief in the improvable capacity of the human race is not built upon sand, to produce effects such as no other period of time has witnessed. This country especially is engaged in experiments, the successful issue of which must be a vast addition to her power and importance, because their objects is the moral amelioration of that numerous portion of the community upon which the strength of every nation mainly depends. The most prominent characteristics of the various schemes which have been devised within the last few years for this object, are simplicity of design and an adaptation of the means to the end proposed. Occasionally it is true we meet with extravagant theorists who would annihilate time and space in their zeal for amendment, dissipate prejudices and prepossessions at once, and cure all moral disorders by virtue of some sovereign specific, but in general the institutions of the present age are marked by certain calm and sober good sense, and like the philosophy of the age are founded upon ascertained facts. Derived from correct views of human nature, they are expected to produce only certain measured effects in their respective spheres of operation; but from what ever point they depart the labours of philanthropy have an attraction to a common centre. That admirable institution, the Library for apprentices, a monument of the untiring benevolence of its founders, has in immediate view only the intellectual improvement of a particular class of individuals, but its ultimate consequences extend deeper into the moral system. With the love of letters may come order and frugality and the domestic virtues, a knowledge of political rights and duties, and a capacity of discrimination between patriots and demagogues, and thus good men and good citizens may be formed out of a class peculiarly liable to temptation. Thus also another

excellent institution while it encourages a disposition to frugality by providing a place of deposit for savings, subtracts just so much from profligacy and dissipation as it allures into its funds, lightens the poor tax by every dollar deposited, and holds a reserve of comfort for age and disease in the labouring classes. I could enumerate many other valuable institutions, but there is one of which mention has been lately made in the newspapers, from which effects no less important for society may be expected, although it does not appear to have excited the attention it deserves. I allude to an association established within a few weeks, for the purpose of connecting with the system of education mechanical and manual labour. The example of this design was set by M. Fellnerberg in Switzerland a few years since, and as it appears from the publications on the subject, with very signal success, as respects the pupils under his charge. In the establishment at Hofwyl the principal attention seems directed to agriculture, the theory and practice of which pure and delightful pursuit are inculcated together; but in the season at which this employment is necessarily suspended, the pupils are employed in different branches of mechanics, uniting with their manual labour the study of the principles by which it is directed. From the plan proposed in our newspapers, it would seem that it is intended to embrace within the scheme both those who are able to make compensation, and those who must be educated gratuitously but from the profits of whose labour some recompense is hoped.

Many considerations present themselves on this subject, but the limits allotted to this paper prevent my entering into them as fully as I could wish. Two advantages however may be mentioned as likely to arise from the proposed improvement on the system of education. In the first place, it is plain that there is no kind of art or labour, which may not learn something of science. Agriculture is daily giving proofs of the superiority of a system founded on philosophical reasoning and experiment over the ancient custom; but it is in the mechanical arts and in the application of labour to other purposes that scientific instruction is most wanted. The difference between a workman who has studied the prin-

ciples of his art and one who pursues it mechanically, may not be precisely as great as the difference between a well and ill educated lawyer, but it will be found sufficiently striking to render it clear which of the two would be preferable, and most likely to succeed. Again, whatever tends to raise the character and condition of mechanics, especially, deserves great encouragement in this country. We live in a republic, the policy and effect of whose laws is to prevent any continuance of hereditary fortunes in families, and whose peculiar circumstances in other respects, narrow the number of those who are supported by professions or public employments. Trade cannot provide the means of living for all the children of well educated persons; agriculture and the two professions of law and physic are already overstocked with hands. Mechanical occupations are unfortunately the objects of prejudice, because in other countries more than this they are filled by the uneducated and unpolished. Yet there is in most of these pursuits intrinsically nothing to prevent a gentleman, properly speaking, from embracing as a means of obtaining an honest livelihood. An institution, therefore, that shall tend to confer a higher degree of character upon mechanical labour, comports plainly with sound policy in this country, and can only be mischievous in a community the labouring classes, of which are denied any participation of the government.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

[By Percy Bysshe Shelley.]

"A sensitive plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it open'd its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the spirit of love felt every where;
And each flower and shrub on earth's dark breast,

Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.
But none ever trembled and panted with bliss

In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,

As the companionless sensitive plant.

The snow-drop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,

And their breath was mix'd with fresh
odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the in-
strument.
Then the pied wind-flowers, and the tulip
tall,
And Narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's
recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness.
And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion
so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Thro' their pavilions of tender green.
And the hyacinth purple, white and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal
anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense.
And the rose, like a nymph to the bath
address,
Which unveil'd the depth of her glowing
breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare.
And the wand-like lily which lift'd up,
As a Moond, its moonlight-colour'd cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed thro' clear dew on the tender sky.
And the jessamine faint, and sweet tube-
rose,
The sweetest flower, for scent, that blows:
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden, in perfect prime."

History of the Causes and Effects of the Confederation of the Rhine. By the Marquis Lucchesini. From the Italian, By John D. Dwyer. London, 1821. 8vo. pp. 395.

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

The statesman-like view which the Marquis Lucchesini takes of this important league, would recommend his work to a brief notice, even were it strictly political; but as it is largely historical, we feel its stronger claim upon us for an opinion and record. Yet we shall allot only a small space to this purpose; for though politics, speaking in the true sense of the word, and not as signifying party or factious contests, is perhaps the second noblest study of mankind, it is also one which requires too much and too grave discussion, to be usefully investigated in a publication like ours. We leave it therefore to our daily and weekly contemporaries, who, if they do not treat it as a science, at least make a farce of it; and if they do not beat much of the grain out of the sheaf, at any rate raise a deuce of a clatter with their flails among the chaff.

The confederation of the Rhine is

here viewed in connexion with all the wars, negociations, and treaties which spring out of the French revolution, and led to that remarkable arrangement. On a minor scale it may be considered as having been experimental, and founded on the same principle which forms the basis of the grand alliance of our day, call ed in honour by its friends, and in derision by its enemies, the Holy Alliance. The origin of this species of association may be traced, if we remember rightly, to the period of Henri Quatre; and it was forcibly revived between 1790 and 1800, by a book printed at Vienna, immediately suppressed and written under the title of the Cosmopolite Sirach. Our author however, only takes up the proximate causes, and it is but justice to say that he treats them in a very able manner, though evidently a partisan of the Prussian cabinet, and consequently a defender of that system of neutrality, which as we think, paved the way to the domination of the Gallic republic, and the more potent empire which superceded it.

Not inclined to pursue this investigation into details, we shall content ourselves with mentioning a few of the facts stated by the Marquis, which appear to us, from their novelty or interest, to be worthy of selection as specimens of the work. After the peace of Campoformio, (1797,) the plenipotentiaries met at Rastadt, and he says —

" It was then that the web which had been artfully woven in the loom of these deep negotiations began gradually to unravel itself. Some time afterwards, there were persons who asserted that, when the ancient patrimony of the houses of Visconti and of Sforza had been offered as a tribute to the ambition of Bonaparte, he answered that, ' if he had a thirst for regal power, there was a vacant throne in France to which he could aspire.' But, however this may be, it is certain that the Emperor, not being able to recede from the secret assent he had given at Campoformio to the encroachments of the Republic upon the territories of the empire, the new frontier-line between France and Germany could no longer be kept concealed from the public.'

The Egyptian expedition is assigned to a different motive from that generally received as its foundation.

" The despotic magistrates of France, seeking to preserve their tottering power by ungovernable ferocity, brought the tyranny and terror of the National Convention to reign with them in the palace of the Luxembourg, where they appeared more anxious to deprive General Bonaparte of the command of the conquering army of Italy, than to dispute any longer with him the glory of being the pacifier of Campoformio. They agreed however to the ratification of the treaty, without caring much whether, in giving it effect, any inconvenience or difficulty was to be encountered; it being hitherto a matter of doubt with them if it would not be better to suspend the war than to confirm the peace. At the same time the Directory formed the design of removing, with the expedition to Egypt, the troublesome renown of their ambitious adversary. His unexpected appearance in Paris, served as a pretext for a design to strike England with the terror of an invasion by an army under Bonaparte; while, with the display of artillery, military stores, and fire arms, demonstrations were made in the ports immediately opposite that island. But, be this as it may, it is certain that, after the dissolution of the Congress of Rastadt, the heads of the Republic did not consider it of any great importance that the French plenipotentiaries should scrupulously observe the promises they had made at that assembly.'

We are informed that the first mention of a description of force which afterwards took so mighty a part in the affairs of Europe, viz. the Landsturm, occurred in a treaty between Mr. Wickham, the British ambassador, and the Elector of Mentz, in April, 1800.

The hostility and hatred of the Emperor Paul to the English, during the latter years of his life, were, it is asserted, " occasioned by the commander of the English army having imprudently abandoned 10,000 Russian auxiliaries to the French in the Ixel, in the autumn of 1799."

When the French first threatened Hanover, it is stated that " the King of Prussia offered the court of London to take possession of that state till the conclusion of peace, tendering at the same time a sufficient guarantee for its security and independence. The only return he required for this favour was, that the

Prussian flag should, with the consent of the English government, be entitled to all the privileges which the marine power of England had contended for during the war, with respect to neutrals. But he could not succeed in giving a feasible colour to his design." And when the Prussian monarch insisted on, and obtained the release of our Minister Rumbold, who had been seized on neutral territory and conveyed to Paris—

"The King of Prussia has made me pass an uneasy half hour, but I shall repay him with interest," was the Emperor's reply to those who expressed their surprise at his yielding to the demands of the Prussian monarch.

Interspersed with such anecdotes as these, the profound reflections of the writer must conduce to place his book on the shelf of every library where history, politics, or even statistics find place. We have only to add, that it is excellently translated: Mr. Dwyer has performed a very difficult task with great skill, combining ease with fidelity, and the spirit of his original with grace in his native language.

ANECDOTES.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

The celebrated quarrel between Macedonia and Persia, we are told originated in Alexander's refusing to pay the tribute of golden eggs, to which his father had agreed. "The bird that laid the eggs has flown to the other world," is reported to have been the laconic answer of the Macedonian prince to the Persian envoy, who demanded the tribute. After this, Darab (Darius) sent another ambassador to the court of the Grecian monarch, whom he charged to deliver to him a bat, a ball, and a bag of very small seed, called Gunjad. The bat and ball were meant to throw a ridicule on Alexander's youth, being fit amusement for his age; the bag of seed was intended as an emblem of the Persian army, being innumerable. Alexander took the bat and ball into his hand, and said, "This is the emblem of my power with which I strike the ball of your monarch's dominion, and this fowl (he had ordered one to be brought) will soon show you what a morsel your numerous army will prove to mine. The grain was instantly eaten up, and Alexander gave a wild melon to the envoy, desiring him to tell his sovereign what he had heard and seen, and to give him that fruit, the taste of which would enable him to judge of the bitter fare which awaited him.

HEROIC ENDURANCE.

When Alexander the Great was on one occasion sacrificing to the gods, one of the noble youths who waited upon him was severely burnt by a piece of hot coal which fell on his arm from the censor he carried, that the smell of the scorched flesh affected all who stood by. Yet the boy shrank not; he exhibited no symptom of pain; but kept his arm immovable, lest by shaking the censor he should interrupt the sacrifice, or by his groaning should give Alexander any disturbance.

ADMIRAL DRAKE.

Admiral Drake, when a young midshipman, on the eve of an engagement, was observed to shake and tremble very much; and being asked the cause, he replied, "My flesh trembles at the anticipation of the many and great dangers into which my resolute and undaunted heart will lead me."

DR. WATTS.

It was so natural for Dr. Watts, when a child, to speak in rhyme, that even at the very time he wished to avoid it, he could not. His father was displeased at this propensity, and threatened to whip him if he did not leave off making verses. One day, when he was about to put his threat in execution, the child burst out in tears, and on his knees said,

"Pray, father, do some pity take,
And I will no more verses make."

FLORIAN.

Florian's earliest years were passed in shooting birds all day, and reading every evening an old translation of the Iliad; whenever he got a bird remarkable for its size or plumage, he personified it by one of the names of his heroes; and raising a funeral pyre, consumed the body: collecting the ashes in an urn, he presented them to his grandfather, with a narrative of his Partroclos or Sarpedon.

INFANT HERO.

"From the gay sire, whose trembling Could hardly buckle on his brand; [hand To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow Were yet scarce terror to the crowd; Each valley, each sequester'd glen, Muster'd his little horde of men." SCOTT.

This poetical description, given by Mr. Scott, of the gathering of the Clan Alpin, in Balquhidder, by the order of Roderick Dhu, was realized on a far greater scale, and in the prosecution of a nobler purpose, in the Tyrol, during the late war. Not only the women engaged in the great cause, and guarded the prisoners that were taken, but the little children, whose age would not permit them to bear arms, still lingered about the ranks of their fathers, and sought by any little offices to render themselves useful in the common cause. One of these, a son of Speckbacher, a Tyrolean leader, and the companion of Hofer, a boy of ten years of age, followed his father into the battle, and continued

by his side in the hottest of the fire. He was several times desired by his father to retire, and at length, when he was obliged to obey, he ascended a little rising ground, where the balls from the French struck, and gathering them in his hat, carried them to such of his countrymen as he understood were in want of ammunition.

HEROISM AND AFFECTION.

In January, 1760, some gentlemen, who had been out shooting, on their return to Stirling, shot a bird near the bridge, which fell upon a sheet of ice in the river, a short distance from the bank. Two boys, one sixteen and the other fourteen years of age, saw the bird fall, and the eldest attempted to get it, but the ice broke under him, and he went to the bottom before he had time to implore the assistance of his companion. The youngest boy no sooner saw his comrade's danger, than, without waiting to strip off his clothes, he plunged into the river, dived to the bottom, and got hold of him, but encumbered by his clothes, was unable to bring him up. Determined, however, to save his companion, if possible, he immediately came out, stripped off his clothes, and went in a second time; but in this attempt he was equally unsuccessful, as the other boy was by this time so fixed in the mud, that all his strength was insufficient to disengage him, and benumbed with cold, it was with difficulty he saved himself. When he got out, he had part of his companion's hair in his mouth, having among other efforts, thus endeavoured to save him. What a noble instance of heroic perseverance!

FAMILY SCENE.

In September, 1789, a little boy, about five years old, the son of a man named Freemantle, in St. Thomas's Church-yard, Salisbury, being at play by the dam of the town mill, fell into the water; his sister, a child of nine years of age, with an affection that would have done honour to riper years, instantly plunged in to his assistance. They both sunk, and in sight of their mother! The poor woman, distracted with horror at the prospect of instant death to her children, braved the flood to save them: she rose with one under each arm, and by her cries happily brought her husband, who instantly swam to their assistance, and brought them all three safe ashore.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

This great man from his infancy exhibited a strong inclination for painting, and made so rapid a progress in it, that he is said, at the age of fourteen, to have been able to correct the drawings of his master, Dominico Grillandio. When he was an old man, one of these drawings being shown to him, he modestly said, "In my youth I was a better artist than I am now."

NELSON'S MIDSHIPMEN.

The following extract from a letter

written by Lady Hughes, who took a passage to the West Indies on board the Boreas frigate, when commanded by Lord Nelson, will show the manner in which the young men in that ship were trained, and gradually inured to hardihood and enterprise, by their parental commander. "It may reasonably be supposed that among the number of thirty, there must have been timid spirits as well as bold. The timid he never rebuked; but always wished to show them he desired nothing that he would not instantly do himself." And I have known him say, "Well, sir, I am going a race to the mast head, and beg I may meet you there." No denial could be given to such a request, and the poor little fellow instantly began to climb the shrouds. Captain Nelson never took the least notice in what manner it was done; but when they met in the top, spoke in the most cheerful terms to the midshipman, and observed, "How much any person was to be pitied, who could fancy there was any danger, or even any thing disagreeable, in the attempt."

THE ELGIN FAMILY.

Lord Kames relates a pleasing anecdote of two boys, the sons of the Earl of Elgin, who were permitted by their father to associate with the poor boys in the neighbourhood. One day the earl's sons being called to dinner, a lad who was playing with them, said that he would wait till they returned. "There is no dinner for me at home," said the poor boy. "Come with us, then," said the earl's sons. The boy refused, and when they asked him if he had any money to buy dinner, he answered, "No!" When the young gentlemen got home, the eldest of them said to his father, "Papa, what was the price of the silver buckles you gave me?" "Five shillings," was the reply. "Let me have the money, and I'll give you the buckles again." It was done accordingly; and the earl enquiring privately, found that the money was given to the lad who had no dinner.

MISS LOGAN.

Miss Logan, the author of a volume of poems printed at York some years ago, and not very extensively circulated, first discovered a predilection for the muse at an early age, and gave a very remarkable instance of the power of her memory. When she had nearly attained her fourth year, Pope's *Essay on Man* happening to lie in the window, it was taken up, and the first line read aloud: "Awake, my St. John! leave all meaner things;" to which the child very archly added, "To low ambition and the pride of kings;" and thus suggested the attempt of teaching her the whole essay. The effort was so completely successful, that on her birth day in the following February, when she completed her fourth year, she repeated the whole four epistles to a neighbouring clergyman, who came on purpose to hear her, almost without making a single mistake:

GEORGE BIDDER.

The American boy, Zerah Colburn, whose astonishing talents at calculation we have already noticed, appears to have been since surpassed by George Bidder, the son of a labouring peasant in Devonshire. Bidder began to exhibit his astonishing powers at an early age, and when not more than twelve, the following question was proposed to him at the Stock Exchange, which he answered in the short space of one minute:

If the pendulum of a clock vibrates the distance of nine inches and three quarters in a second of time, how many inches will it vibrate in the course of seven years, fourteen days, two hours, one minute, and fifty-six seconds, each year of three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, forty-eight minutes, and fifty-five seconds? Answer, two thousand, one hundred and sixty-five millions, six hundred and twenty-five thousand, seven hundred and forty-four inches, and three quarters. In miles, thirty-four thousand, one hundred and seventy-eight miles, four hundred and seventy-five yards, two feet, and three quarters of an inch.

CHARLES THE TWELFTH.

Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, when scarce seven years old, being at dinner with the queen, his mother, was handing a bit of bread to his favourite dog, when the hungry animal snapping at it too greedily, bit his hand in a dreadful manner. The wound bled copiously; but our young hero, without crying, or appearing to take any notice of what had happened, wrapped his hand in the napkin to conceal his misfortune. The queen perceiving that he did not eat, asked him the reason; he thanked her, and replied, that he was not hungry. The party thought he was ill, and repeated their solicitations; but all in vain, although he was now grown pale with loss of blood. An officer who attended at table at last perceived the cause, for Charles would sooner have died than betrayed his dog; which he knew intended no injury.

Quintus Curtius was one of the first books put into Charles' hands; and on being asked what he thought of its hero, Alexander the Great, he replied, "Oh, how I wish to be like him!" "Why, sir," replied his tutor, "your majesty forgets then, that he died at thirty-two years of age?" "Well, surely he lived long enough, when he had conquered so many kingdoms."

THEMISTOCLES.

When Themistocles was a boy, he was once on returning from school met by Pisistratus. "Stand out of the way," said the master to Themistocles, "and give place to the prince." "What!" replied the boy boldly, "has he not room enough?"

PUPIL OF ZENO.

A youth named Eretrius was for a considerable time a follower of Zeno. On

his return home, his father asked him what he had learned. The boy replied, that would hereafter appear. On this, the father being enraged, beat his son; who bearing it patiently, and without complaining, said, "This have I learned — to endure a parent's anger."

CHILD'S PLAY.

Chevalier Boucicaut the younger, a native of Toledo, when not seventeen years old, was at the battle of Rosbecque with Charles VI.; and having presented himself to engage a Fleming of extraordinary stature, the latter contemptuously struck his battle-axe from his hand, saying "Go suck, child! the French are in great want of men, since they send children to battle." On which, young Boucicaut drawing his dagger, and nimbly rushing under his adversary's arm, stabbed him through his cuirass, exclaiming, at the same time, "So do the children of your country play in this fashion!"

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The 3d. No. which is expected daily, contains:

1. The Friars of Dijon, a Tale, by T. Campbell, which will be transferred to our pages; besides other matter that promises to be interesting.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

An intelligent French Physician is now in this country collecting evidence on the subject of the yellow fever. He has resided in the Levant, the West Indies, New Orleans, Savannah, Charleston, Baltimore, and is proceeding northward. The testimonies he has received from all the principal physicians are nearly unanimous against the contagiousness of that disease.

It is hoped the result of his enquiries may produce an alteration in the Quarantine system of Europe.

A new novel, by the author of *Waverley*, is forthcoming, to be entitled *The Buccaneers*.

TO READERS, &c.

A notice of the "Maniac's Confession" was prepared for this No.; but is crowded out. It shall appear next week.

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